

*The Comicall Historie of*

There is some ill a bruising towards my rest,  
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

*Clowne.* I beseech you sir goe, my young Master  
doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So doe I his.

*Clowne.* And they have conspired together, I will not say you  
shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that  
my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday last, at fixe a clocke ith  
morning, falling out that yeere on ash wensday was foure yeare in  
th'afternoone.

*Shy.* What are there maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,  
Locke up my doores, and when you heare the drumme,  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fisse,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete,  
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:  
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,  
Let not the sound of shallow fopperry enter  
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I swear,  
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:  
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,  
Say I will come. *Clowne.* I will goe before sir.  
Mistres looke out at window for all this,  
There will come a Christian by  
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

*Shy.* What sayes that foole of *Hagars* off-spring? ha.

*Ief.* His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

*Shy.* The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,  
Snaile-slow in profit, and he sleepest by day  
More then the wilde-Cat: drones hive not with me,  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to wast  
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,  
Perhaps I will returne immediatly,  
Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast finde.  
A Proverbe never stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

*Ief.* Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

*Enter*

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.*

*Grat.* This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*,  
Desired us to make stand. *Saler.* His houre is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvell he out-dwells his houre,  
For Lovers ever runne before the clocke.

*Saler.* O tenne times faster *Venus* pigeons flye  
To scale Loves bonds new made, then they are wont,  
To keepe obliged faith unforfeited.

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast  
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?  
Where is the horse that doth untread againe  
His tedious measures, with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first: all things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased then enjoyd.  
How like a younger, or a prodigall,  
The skarfed Barke puts from her native Bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind,  
How like the Prodigall doth she returne  
With over-weatherd ribbs and ragged sailes,  
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet wind?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Saler.* Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,  
Not I, but my affaires, have made you waite:  
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives,  
Ile watch as long for you then: approach,  
Here dwels my Father Iew. Hoe, whose within?

*Iessica* above.

*Ief.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit Ile swear that I doe know your tongue.

*Lor.* *Lorenzo* and thy Love.

*Ief.* *Lorenzo* certaine, and my Love indeed,  
For who love I so much? and now who knowes  
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witnesse that thou art.

*Ief.* Here catch this Casket, it is worth the paines,  
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:

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But